OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 18. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, May, 30 1912. Number 9.

FIELD DAY.

The only regret we have about the 2nd Annual Fie'd Day on last Saturday is that more of our friends were not here to see the good showing made by our boys. Many of the contests were exceedingly close and there was no lack of interest.

Garland McConnell again won the 100 yds. dash open to the older boys with Martin McGilvary a close second. In the same contest for boys under 14, Baron Grier was an easy winner. This very agile youth carried off two other first prizes in the events of his class viz the running high jump and the hurdle race.

In the 75 yds. dash Carl Parks crossed the tape first, with Leyburn McManning only two fifths of a second behind him.

Jim Pope was first in the 220 yds. dash, time 27 sec., which by the way beats the time made in Charlotte last week at the 20th of May celebration.

In the running high jump for boys over 14, Jim flew up to the height of 4 ft. 11 in., and this with little or no practice.

The potato race was one of the most exciting events. There were many entries, but doubty John Ford was the first to get his potatoes across the line. Of course everybody wanted to see the sack race, run by ten boys in two sections. They were allowed to get over ground in any possible way, and Eugene Martin knew how to do it, coming in first.

The most amusing thing of the day was the cracker eating contest in which six boys undertook to get away with eight soda crackers without water. Furman Long put the last crumb out of sight before anybody else, but Paul Sykes was not far behind.

Jim Pope, an all round athlete, took first place in the hurdle race for the older boys.

The field day sports came to an end in the exciting Relay race run by four teams each composed of four boys.

On the Field Day, committee this year were Jim Pope, Garland McConnell, and Martin McGilvary who very readily helped in all the preparations. The prizes were awarded in the dining room just after supper. This annual occasion is now firmly established in the hearts of Bariumites.

The Barium ball team met the team from Oswalt on the local diamond Monday after noon, and defeated the visitors by a big margin. The first pitcher was knocked off the mound by the constant hitting of the Home team, and his successor fared very little better. The batteries for Barium were Jim Pope and Garland McConnell, Percy Sherrill and Clingman Long. Mr. Clyde L. Rudy umpired the game with great satisfaction to all.

HER OWN LIFE

Alicia Pomfret looked round the little suburban dining-room with a shiver of disgust. How she loathed the plush-coverd furniture, the faded carpet, the lingering smell of food and stale tobacco! She whisked about with her duster, very red in the face, and very rebellious at heart. It was the second morning the charwoman had failed her, and it was now twenty minutes to eight o'clock. Breakfast for her father and brother Joe was expected to be on the table sharp at eight, and the kettle was only lukewarm downstairs on a sulky fire. Her mother had gone with the younger children to Leigh-on-Sea for what was by courtesy termed a holiday, though Mrs. Pomfret found the work harder than she did at home. Alicia, with her father and Joe, would go down on the morrow for the week-end. Alicia loathed the household drudgery, and was dead sick of her life. As she whisked the duster across the surface of the cheap walnut sideboard, she caught in the high mirror-back a glimspe of her own sullen face. It was an attractive and clever face at its best, but at the moment it looked its worst.

Continued on page three.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

TEN GRADUATES-FIVE PRESBYTERIES REPRESENTED-DR. J. M. WELLS of WILMINGTON AND HON. B. R. LACY SPEAKERS.

We have this year the largest class in our history; it has made a splendid record, and we do not doubt will reflect great credit on their Alma Mater.

No less than five presbyteries are represented in this class. Susie Turner is from Garner, Albemarle Presbytery. Gwendoline Harrison from High Point, Orange Presbytery. Nola Murray, Bergaw, Wilmington Presbytery. May Lowe, Maxton, Fayetteville Presbytery. Bessie Blue, Fayetteville, Fayetteville Presbytery. Neil McLean, Vass, Fayetteville Presbytery. James Pope, Mint Hill, Mecklenburg Presbytery. Fairy Hamilton, Steel Creek, Mecklenburg Presbytery.

In our graduating class are Marguerete Porter and Elizabeth Sharpe both of them near neighbors and virtually children of the Home.

Both of them have been day students here from their early childhood and Elizabeth Sharpe is the daughter of our former shop superintendent, the late A. L. Sharpe, who spent much of his life in working for our Home.

It means something to graduate in the tenth grade at Barium, and we are proud of the work our school is doing.

To show what value our older boys place on what they are getting, one was overheard to say recently, "I would'nt take a thousand dollars for what I am getting here."

Field Day.

Saturday the 25th was our field day and a great day it was for the boys. We had running, high jumps, running broad jumps, hurdle races, a potato race, sack race, and cracker race. And we give in another place the prize winners.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

We were very fortunate in securing the presence and services of Rev. Dr. J. M. Wells of Wilmington on this occasion. Little Joe's Church had its capacity fully tested, for it was the largest congregation that ever worshipped within those walls.

Dr. Wells took as his subject Acts 26th chapter 19th verse. "Whereupon O' King Agrippa I was not disobedient to the Heavenly vision."

Giving a fine description of Saul the man of culture and power he then painted the scene of his conversion, when he became Paul the apostle.

It was then he had a vision and saw plainly Jesus Christ, calling him to do a mighty work in the world. He declares boldly to king Agrippa before whom he was brought for trial, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

Giving us a wonderful picture of how faithfully Paul obeyed his call, Dr. Wells applied the text to our graduating class. They stood before an open door of opportunity, and God was calling each one of them to higher nobler better service.

The night sermon was a graphic presentation of that scene under the juniper tree, when God called Elijah back to duty, see 1st Kings 19th chapter. We followed with intense interest, Dr. Wells, as he pictured Elijah returning to face his enemies and serve God as he had never done before, in the anointing of two kings, and in witnessing for God until his triumphant ascension. We were sorry of the sad news that called Dr. Wells away before his visit had been fully made.

Commencement Exercises.

Monday night will long be remembered at Barium. Our chapel at Rumple Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, perhaps the audience reached the 500 mark, and everybody was happy and expectant.

The Troutman band was present to give us some of their sweet music, and this is one of the delights our children have, in dwelling so near "a real brass band" that is always so ready to give them pleasure.

The concert which opened promptly at 8 o'clock, was an exceptionally fine one in all its parts.

Misses Chamberlain and Paxton should feel proud of their work in training the young people who reflected so much honor upon them on this occasion. The piano work showed skill in technique, and our chorus was just splendid.

The opening chorus "A Great and Happy Country," just gave us an appetite for more, and we were not disappointed.

Mark Club gave us an interlude, in the way of a recitation, called "Willie's Hearing" which was remarkably improved when "Paw" called instead of "Maw." Some remarkable fingering was done when little Annie Jordan played a piece requiring no little skill in touching the keys.

The "Sweet and Low" pantomime, by our primary girls, each with a doll in her arms, was beautiful.

One of our girls (not beyond the fifth grade) Vivian Henry gave us a snap shot of negro character and dialect that the professionals would find it hard to beat.

Her character was that of a negro Mammy who berates her son for "stealin a green watermillion," it would'nt have been so bad, she intimated, "if it had been ripe."

"The Contest of the Nations" was beautiful in conception. Bessie Blue was the Goddess of Liberty who should decide the claims of each nation whose flag was carried by one of the girls and as they presented in song, the cause of France, Germany, England, Italy Japan, Erin, Russia, Columbia, Iberia, Hawaii, China, England, and even little Cuba. She bade each in turn stand aside, until the Stars and Stripes appeared. When our country received the wreath of victory and all of them joined in singing "the Red White and Blue."

The recitation "The Ruggles Family," by Lillian McKinney was just fine: as she describes the struggles of an ambitious mother of nine children as she gets them ready to attend their first party.

"Playmates" by Addie Campbell and Hobart Club brought "down the house" for those chaps acted mad to perfection.

Those quartetts "Oft in the Stilly Night" and "Tell me what the Brook Doth Sing" especially the former: carried many back to early childhood, when "Tom Moore's Melodies" were sung by every heart and tongue that loved music.

The recitation by little Forest Piner "I'm glad I'm not a girl" was one of the best of the evening, for Forest said it like he meant it, although any boy, ought to be glad if he were a girl. Another recitation by Eva McKinney called "one, two three" brought us down to one of the best features of the evening a humorous play called Dr. Cure-all.

The Doctor has a spry maid of all work Maria who is kept busy answering the door-bell as patients soon begun to deluge the doctor. Mrs. Brown comes who wants to reduce her flesh, Miss Scrimpins desires to bleach her hair, Mr. Alphonso De Jones wishes to raise a mustache, Mrs. Hotchkiss wants her daughter Kate cured of bashfulness, Miss Seraphina Paddington wants to be tall, Mrs. Scrawny wants to be plump, and Mrs. Blooming (a dear little widow) is in search of a husband. Of course Dr. Cure-all has a specific for every one. Mrs. Brown is reduced, Miss Scrimpins has her hair turned gray instead of blond, Mr. Jones returns with a fierce red mustache, Miss Kate Hotchkiss is turned into a very pert school Miss always in mischief, Miss Paddington comes back as tall as a giraffe, Mrs. Scrawny becomes a jumbo. All of them threaten suit and Dr. Cure-all absconds with "the dear little widow."

The Marche Millitaire was well executed. The Bridal Chorus was exquisitly rendered and was a fitting end to a musical program of unusual merit.

The closing was done by one of the youngest children in the Home. Little Levada McPhail standing on a table in her little white dress gave us a good night recitation ending with a stretching up of the arms and an inimitable yawn that plainly said good night.

To the strains of music by the Troutman band the large crowd sought the campus and were soon scattering to their homes happy and contented with an evening of real pleasure.

The Hoop Drill.

As the sun was sinking behind the Brushy Mountains, lighting with splendor the western sky, our girls gave to a large audience a beautiful Hoop Drill, upon our green campus. They were all dressed in white, and wore alternate sashes of pink and green. Their maneuvers were equal to a company of soldiers, and they kept step to the music and handled their hoops with as much precision as a soldier would his gun. Everyone was delighted and Miss Shellem deserves much credit for having trained them so faithfully.

Graduating Exercises.

Tuesday night was preeminently class night and our graduating class had seats on the stage with Mr. Walker, Mr. Walsh, and Rev. J. J. Edwards of Troutman.

After prayer by Mr. Edwards a most interesting program awaited us. The first number by Misses Mary Kenna Walker and Melissa Warlick, was well executed, and this was followed by a chorus that was a credit to any group of singers.

The Salutatory by Marguerite Porter was well conceived and rendered.

Gwendoline Harrison gave an essay that was a good one on "The Nobility of Labor."

Miss Elizabeth Sharpe brightened the evening by an essay on "Cheerfulness."

The premium essay of the evening, entitled, "The Advantages of Orphanage Life" was read by Miss Susie Comelia Turner, and a gold pen, presented by Rev. Bragaw of Broadway N, C., was awarded her by a committee: (who read all the competing essays) and the presentation was made by Rev. W. M. Walsh.

The class history read by Miss Fairy Hamilton was very good indeed. The class song composed by Miss Chamberlain was sweet and touching with a little vein of sadness in it.

The Class Prophecy by Miss May Lowe was ingeniously wrought, and displayed a decided amount of originality.

The Class Will by Miss Nola Murray was an original document and ought to be filed in the Archives of Barium Home.

The Millers Wooing was a chorus worth hearing.

Then followed the presentation of Diplomas by Rev. Wm. T Walker, who also presented each graduate with a handsome Bible.

The Valedictory by Miss Bessie May Blue, touched every heart and many eyes grew a little misty at the parting words.

Crimson Glow was the final chorus and well was it rendered.

Literary Address.

When the whistle blew at 9 30 a. m. we were not disappointed, for true to his word, Hon. B. R. Lacy made his appearance, and was escorted to our Rumple Hall Chapel, where he delivered one of the best talks to children we ever heard.

His subject was "True Courage" and he illustrated by several beautiful stories that we wish we could give, but space forbids. The best test of an address is its holding power. And Mr. Lacy had every child awake and alert looking for "what next." His tribute to Jesus Christ, the highest type of christian manhood was as beautiful as it was true, and made a strong impression upon our children. He has promised to come again and will always be gladly welcomed.

The little tots gave us "The Motion Song" for Mr Lacy's benefit as he is a motion man, and every body clapped hands. Not to be out done little Claytor Jordan who was one of the performers clapped his hands too.

The last chorus "The Vikings" closed Barium Commencement, and this eventful occasion is now one of our happenings of the past.

It is a Commencement that stands out as a notable one in our history.

The Passing of a Friend of Our Home.

Dr. Wells was called away by a telegram, stating that Mrs. Scales, the beloved wife of our regent, Hon. A. M. Scales, had died in hospital from a severe brain trouble for which a delicate and dangerous operation had been performed. Mrs. Scales was before her marriage, Miss Walker, and a member of Dr. Well's church in Wilmington N. C. The doctor left us by the earliest train, and made all haste to go and comfort our friends in Greensboro.

It has been the priviledge of the writer to receive the hospitality of this lovely wife and mother, in her own home, and he therefore knows what a void has been created, and how sad the heart of Mr. Scales is.

But we know, that "there is a a rest to the people of God," and no Pilgrim rests sweeter, than a faithful wife and mother when she is called from the earthly home to the Heavenly.

Job said, "miserable comforters are ye all," and one who is sorely bereaved often feels that Job voiced their own feeling. And yet, sympathy is sweet, and we desire our good brother to feel, that Barium Home is thinking of and praying for him in this sad hour.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

Almost every man is interested in religion. The majority of men are not only interested in religion, but have certain religious convictions which they like to defend. They are pleased with sound doctrine and like to witness successful religious effort.

But many of these very men stay outside the church, or, if they come in, become only nominal rather than enthusiastic and aggressive Christians. They like to hear a good exhortation, but they do not like to heed it; they like to read good advice, but they do not like to take it. It slips off their shoulders somehow; they think it is capital counsel for Brown or Smith, but they do not take it directly to themselves.

A man like this needs some old-fashioned prophet to walk straight up to him and, looking him squarely in the eyes, declare: "Thou art the man." It is you who ought to turn from all sin; it is you who ought to begin an ardent, faithful life of spiritual service; it is you who ought to be not only listening to Gospel testimony, but giving it. Knowledge of the truth brings with it terrific responsibilities. "Ye knew your duty and ye did it not" is a judgement from which there can be no appeal.

Gentler, though not less earnest, are words of Jesus: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Who is the man on your street, in your town, in your office building, or in your township, who ought to be the most zealous and hearty in his service for God? Who is the man who ought to be the truest and cleanest Christian? Who is the man who ought to be the most strenuous in trying to win men to the kingdom of Christ? Who is the man who ought to repent most deeply of his past neglect, and trust more humbly now for the pardon and grace of God? Who is he? You know who he is. You write his name every time you made your signature.

Thou art the man!

A GRAND OLD HORSE

The best preserved, best cared for and best loved aged horse in Lebanon country, Pennsylvania, where for many decades the output of high grade horses has been large, recently ended his days, painlessly, at the extreme age of thirty-nine. When, in 1877, as a spirited four-year-old, he pranced into Lebanon from the blue grass region of old Kentucky, a keen-eyed observer, noting his beauty of form and graceful gait, remarked: "What a bird of a horse!" and the name "Bird" was forthwith given to the matchless colt.

For the next thirty-five years the thoroughbred lived and labored in Lebanon and was petted and praised by his one owner and family. Only once in all this time was he away from his own comfortable stall. After a hot summer's work, he was sent to the country for a vacation, but rich pasture and running water among stranger were not so pleasant to him as the attentions he received at home. He ate so little and showed such signs of homesickness that he was returned at the end of two weeks to his old familiar roof.

Mr. Edwin F. Brightbill, whose knowlege and admiration of this horse are set forth in his lecture, "The Equine Smart Set," wrote a fine appreciation of 'Bird" upon the latter's thirty-seventh birthday.

"As might be expected from a Southern equine Colonel, "Bird' required the art of growing old gracefully and in full possession of all his powers and faculties. He can whinny as musically and munch his oates nearly as greedily as in the days of his colthood; his hearig is acute—the jingle of sleigh-bells or the the tap of a fire-alarm will instantly bring his ears and head to attention. His feet are sound; his legs unbowed; his knees unbroken; his joints only slightly rheumatic. His home table is always supplied with pure foods—he never eats dusty hay never had the heaves; he never tasted mouldy corn, nor musty oats; never had the colic. The weight of Father Time had not swayed his back nor broken his spirit.

"In winter 'Bird' sports a blanket overcoat. His summer coat is a dark bay, with black trimmings, fifteen hands, one inch high—this silken top-coat is not marred by white-haired spots, Dame Nature's healing marks of sores and galls, caused by cheap, misfit collars and saddles."

Biggest Thing in the World

"'Fighting Bod' Evans," said a naval veteran of Washington, "had, like most fighters, a tender heart.

"'Fighting Bob' had a specially tender heart toward children. I once heard him say, as he held his little grandchild's hand:

"'A child is the biggest thing in the world. A ragged, emaciated, hungry child is to me bigger than a battleship.'"

Some men make high resolves, but build no ladders up to them.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

Published weekly at One Dollar a Year.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barium Springs, as second-class matter.

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REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.

Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, May 30, 1912

A Farewell To Our Graduating Class.

To our dear girls and boys who are so soon to leave us, we have a parting word. Our Heavenly father sent you to this Home a number of years ago and here you have been tenderly nurtured and trained.

You have been, every one of you, subjects of solicitation and prayer, and you have been shielded from many of the temptations that come to other children. Thus far you have not been a disappointment, but we have taken great pleasure in seeing you grow more like the Divine Master as the years have passed by: and, as you go from the portals of Barium Home, you may be sure you will be followed out into the world, by the earnest prayers and the best wishes of all those who have labored for your uplifting, and now rejoice in the measure of success you have attained.

Your future is before you, be ever brave, loving, tender, true, to all the teachings of your Alma Mater: and remember, that the honor, and future of Barium Home, is partly in your hands. As you mingle with other men and women, they will measure us by what you are.

Keep in touch with old Barium and as the years go by, give us from time to time the joy of your presence, for we shall ever gladly welcome you.

Farewell! and may "the loving presence," go with you.

"Remember The Sabbath Day To Keep It Holy."

There is written in the physical constitution of man, this great command of God and it should be written in the constitution of every Christian Government under heaven.

Our physical and mental nature, demands one day in seven, of rest and quiet, when we can lay aside the cares and worry of every day life, and try to get some idea of what heaven will be, when the journey of life is over.

To get imbedded in the heart and memory of childhood, a reverence for God's day, is one of the first lessons that should be taught in the home. Here is the place where character is formed, and children get their first ideas as to their duty toward God and man.

A home without a family altar, and daily paayer is as undesirable a place to raise children as the Desert of Sahara, or the frigid zone.

The purest place to rear children, is out in the country, away from the contaminating influences of a great city; and when we investigate, we will find, that a great majority of our great men, grew up on the farm, and learned their greatest lessons, not in the colleges, but in the country schools: not from a study of metaphysics—but of nature and natures God.

If a Christian Korean could spend a Sabbath in New York or Chicago, we fear he would doubt very much, about this being a Christian nation: and his doubts would be well founded.

One great evil of the day is the abuse of Sabbaths, and God has a standing indictment against our people. "Ye have not reverenced my Sabbaths."

Let all Institutions like Barium Home train the children committed to them to a holy observance of the Sabbath day.

HOW TO GET TYPHOID FEVER.

Tolerate Flies, and Drink Dirty Milk and Polluted Water.

Now is the time to begin contracting your typhoid fever. Flies are coming on, and if your neighbor, who is a typhoid carrier or who has contracted his case of typhoid already does not use a sewer or a sanitary privy, be sure flies will establish a Flyboard Air Line, transporting typhoid fever germs free from his privy to your kitchen and dining room. What are you going to do about it? One of two things. Either screen your doors and windows or run the chance of contracting typhoid fever. But your neighbor may not have typhoid fever. But his filth may give your baby some form of diarrhoeal disease that will make him sick for weeks or end his life before the summer is over. Of course, you may call it by some polite name, as "summer complaint," but if your doctor tells you the real trouble it may usually be boiled down to house-flies or, better still, typhoid flies.

Milk Route

But it may not be your own or your neighbors' flies that cause the trouble. It may have been your butcher's flies, coming from his privy or slaughter house. Or it may have been your grocer's or peddler's flies coming from the filth and tuberculosis sputum of the streets. One of the best ways to get typhoid fever, however, is through impure milk. Milk is almost an ideal place for bacteria to live and grow, particularly if not iced or cooled immediately after milking. Typhoid germs usually get into the milk either by the drowning of typhoid laden flies or by washing the milk cans, or adulterating the milk with polluted water. Careless or filthy dairymen, milk dealers, hotel or restaurant keepers and all others that permit flies and filth to reach their milk are among the best typhoid fever venders.

Wcter Route

Poluting a public or private water supply is an excellent wholesale method of giving typhoid. When any person or family residing on the watershed contracts typhoid and no precautions are taken to disinfect the bowel discharges of such typhoid patients, the tiniest amount of their fecal matter, is washed down into the public water supply and not removed by efficient filtration, is ever likely to produce a typhoid epidemic throughout the entire town. This very thing has occurred in North Carolina all too often already. The remedy for this is sanitary privies on the watershed, an efficient filtration plants, operated by intelligent filter men instead of day laborers, as is now too often the case.

In passing, let us not forget the private well with its old oaken bucket. Here are to be found the very best conditions for pollution. The top ef the well is frequently open, the sides walled up with bricks or loose stones. Surface drainage frequently finds its way into the well and, worst of all, we often find a surface privy within less than a hundred feet of the well.

WILL ISOLATE CONSUMPTIVES.

National Association Commends New Jersey Legislation as Most Advanced in Country. Provides For Compulsory Removal and Detention of Cases.

What is designated by The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in a statement issued to.day, as the most advanced legislation in the campaign against tuberculosis that has been enacted by any state in the United States, if not by any country in the world, is found in a bill just passed by the New Jersey Legislature signed by Governor Wilson.

The new law provides that tuberculosis patients who refuse to obey the regulations laid down by the State Board of Health concerning the prevention of their disease, and thus become a menace to the health of those with whom they associate, shall be compulsorily segregated by order of the courts, in institutions provided far this purpose. If such a patient refuses to obey the rules and regulations of the institution in which he is placed, he may "be isolated or separated from other persons and restrained from leaving the institution." The law further provides that all counties in the State of New Jersey shall within six months from April 1st, make provision in special institutions for the care of all persons having tuberculosis in these counties. The state treasury will subsidize each county to the extent of $3-00 a week for each person maintained in these institutions except those who are able to pay for the cost of maintenance.

Commenting upon this legislation, The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis says that this is the most advanced legislation of its kind that has ever been enacted in this country by any state legislature. The only other state which provides for compulsory segregation of dangerous cases of tuberculosis, is Maryland. The only city in the United States which has adopted a special ordinance providing for compulsory removal of dangerous tuberculosis cases, is San Francisco. A few other cities, such as New York, exercise this power under certain provisions of their sanitary codes, but no other city has any special ordinance on the subject.

NEWSPAPER DATED 1773

A newspaper dated Friday, August 20, 1773, has come into the possession of Edward Gerving, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. It is a copy of the Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser. It has not yet been submitted to archaelogist to determine its authenticity, but it looks its part with its queer old-fashioned type and its decayed yellow paper which has to be handled with care lest it crumble.

Mr. Gerving lives at the Marlowe apartments. An elderly woman formerly lived there with her son. The woman died and the son moved to other parts leaving a lot of old magazines piled in a corner of the apartment. These the janitor turned over to Mr. Gerving and in the pages of on old copy of the Youth's Companion he found the ancient newspaper.

The paper contains an interesting advertisement signed by one George Washington, a real estate operator living at Mount Vernon, who had twenty thousand acres of fine land, the patents to which he is anxious to dispose of.

One subscriber announces that a reward will be paid for a "runaway negro, Prince, a tall slim fellow, has several hacks on his forehead; was taken up at Susquehanna Ferry but made his escape and is often seen aronnd the neighborhood. Whoever secues him in jail so that the owner may get him again shall have five pounds reward."

QUICK WIT SAVED SOLDIER

In the campaign in Italy, in which Napoleon I. first began to win the laurels which subsequently so abundantly crowned his career. a young Italian cavalry officer was taken prisoner. Having serious doubts about his safety, it occurred to him to pretend he was a great personage. So he promised rewards to his captors if they would insure his good treatment, adding confidentially that he was the duke of Modena. He was exceedingly well cared for, and early next morning was called before Nepoleon, who was somewhat puzzled at finding two dukes of Modena among his prisoners for the real duke was also a prisoner. The real duke a grily asked his counterfeit by what authority he had assumed the title of duke of Modena. The young officer answered: "Your grace, the peril of my situation yesterday was such that had I known a more illustrious title I would uot have assumed yours."

The reply so pleased both the duke and General Napoleon that he was forgiven his deceit.

School Teacher—"What lesson do we learn from the busy bee?"

Tommy Tuffnut—"Not to get stung."—Kansas City Star.

FIELD NOTES

Last Saturday was the warmest day of this season thus far the thermometer registering 87 degrees in the shade at the Central Hotel in Charlotte. Electric fans are growing in favor, and all the public resorts, hotel lobbies, banks, barber shops or wherever people gather in crowds, the electric fan is doing a successful business. Even day coaches on some of our railroads have installed the fan, and the traveller can get a breeze whenever he wants one, without being sifted over with cinders.

A hot day in Charlotte is not an enjoyable recreation, although it is no worse than other cities. When the concrete side-walks were burning my feet, and persecuting two or three pet corns, how I longed for a day off, to go barefoot, and wade rod in hand, some cool trout stream in the monntains: and if one wanted to, there would be nothing to hinder a good old-fashioned swim, such as we delighted in away back in boyhood days.

But we were in Charlotte and although they have a "Natatorium" (whatever that may be) we found veay great comfort in a two by four bath tub, where for the time we forgot there was such a thing as a thermometer.

Charlotte was just getting over her annual attack of patriotism the old city has been enjoying herself in many ways, and giving a good time to all comers.

Their splendid Auditorium has been turned temporarily into an Exhibition Building, for the display of all kinds of machinery, and nearly every implement you see there bears this legend 'made in Charlotte."

Addresses are made from time to time, a band of music gives concerts at different times, and we found the exhibit, a pleasant place to spend an evening.

This Machinery and Manufacturers Exhibit is now spoken of as a permanent Institution of Charlotte and it would be one of the best features of Greater Charlotte. The amount of home made machinery was a revelation even Charlotte people, many of whom did not know what their next door neighbors were doing. It would be a great thing to go to a place like that, and see a piece of machinery you

Continued on page three.

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If you have property for sale list it with me. I will find the buyer.

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Fertilizers Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

Use Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers *and* "Increase Your Yield per Acre"

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All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, May 30, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

We give welcome to Mr. John W. Cloer of Taylorsville and his daughter Mabel. Mr. Cloer was for some time our dairyman.

Miss Estelle Fleming of Elmwood is visiting Ruth Stanley.

Miss Maggie McClelland of Statesville is visiting Miss Adams.

We are glad to note the arrival of a number of our old boys and girls coming to enjoy with us our Commencement exercises. Inez and Edna Gray, John Carriker, Joseph Hamilton, and James Reynolds. Welcome all!

Commencement day brings our old boys and girls, who come to mingle in the pleasures of the occasion. We have John Carriker, and James Reynolds. Who look so natual we feel as if they had never gone away. We also have Miss Long, one of our former teachers, who still has a lingering affection for old Barium and never forgets the happy days she spent here.

Among our numerous visitors were Miss Irene Templeton and two of her friends, Rachel Morrison and Marie Smith, also Miss Mary Stevenson of Loray.

Miss Hart's sister, Miss Gertrude Hart, from near Mooresville is a very pleasant visitor at Lee's Cottage.

It is all over, and Barium will soon be a quiet place as many of our workers, and our graduating class, will have taken their departure, some of them, never to return to these pleasant scenes. It is not yet known exactly how many of our workers will return, but we are sorry to say that Miss Allen will not be with us next year. She has been very faithful, and her place will be hard to fill; and we wish to assure her, that our best wishes go with her, along with a prayer for all happiness and success in life. Barium is just getting in condition to do her best work, and with our water, lights sewerage, and other prospective improvements, a place as a worker at Barium will not be so hard to fill, as in the days when we had a very limited equipment. Therefore we should be able to get and keep a very able corps of workers, for the work appeals to all who have ever undertaken service with us.

We are looking forward to another years work, with hope and faith.

HER OWN LIFE

She was just nineteen, and eldest daughter of the house, and ought to have been its part mainstay. She had taken honours at Carham High School, and then, according to family arrangement, had come home to help mother and teach the younger children, thus reducing the education bills. For two years she had done it, neither with grace nor efficiency. And she was not aware that her mother had left home this time with an immence sense of relief because she would get away from Alicia. "Could a sentient human being be content with this?" she asked herself with a glance of unutterable scorn. The lofty trend of her imagination was rudely interrupted by the entrance of her brother Joe, watch in hand.

"Not a sign of breakfast yet, Al? We've only twenty minutes. We had to run all the way to the station yesterday."

"It wouldn't hurt you, Joe," she answered coolly, as she proceeded to lay the cloth. "You can get out the cups and saucers while I cook the bacon."

"Rotten fag!" fumed the big, tall youth, just beginning to realise himself, and in consequence a little lacking in perception of others. "We do miss the mater. Maters should never be allowed away from home. Everything goes to ruin when they go. Where do you keep the beastly things? Say, I do pity the poor bloke who gets you, but nobody would look at you," he added, with the cheerful candour of his age and kind. "Do buck up with the bacon."

Alicia, red and wroth, disappeared, but she did hustly downstairs, and by the time her father appeared the dish was on the table, and the tea infused. But there was no toast, and none at all of the dainty appurtenances which render a meal appetising. It was consumed almost in silence.

Mr. Pomfret, who was the manager of a department in a large hardware store in the city, had a somewhat harassed and careworn look. He was a gentle, rather scholarly man, who would have been more at home in a library than in a hardware store, and the modern methods of business worried him. His firm was on the eve of being turned into a syndicate, and he was by no means certain of being kept on under the new proprietors. But a man of few words at all times, he kept his anxieties strictly to himself. Joe finished first, and made himself scarce from the table.

"Have you had enough, dad?" Alicia asked, observing that her father had left most of his bacon on the plate. "Isn't it nice? There is such a lot to do in a house in the morning when there is only one pair of hands. One ought really to sit up half the night to be ready in time for eight o' clock breakfast."

"It is very nice, but I have little appetite these warm mornings," he answered mildly. "I am sorry you have to work so hard. Never mind, we shall be all right when we get down to-morrow to your mother."

That little sentence spoke volums. Such words as these are the reward of all the mothers in the world. Fortunately, most of them consider it adequate. Alicia did not. She merely sniffed.

"It will be nice seeing mother, of course, but the lodgings are poky, and if it rains like it did last Sundny it's unspeakable!"

Mr. Pomfret smiled, a small detached smile.

"When you have got to be as old as your mother and me you will learn to adjust values, Alicia. You will know the things that matter, and, I hope, have taken to your heart that which makes the soul independent of all the assaults of fate."

High-sounding words to fall from the lips of a hardware buyer and seller! Alicia heard them as she heard them not, but stood working her fingers together nervously.

"Dad, I hope you won't mind if I don't go down to Leigh this week-end. I do want to have just a few quiet days by myself. I'll get Dorothy to come and sleep, and if mother and you wouldn't mind, I'd simply love it."

Mr. Pomfret looked surprised. He could not conceive it possible that Alicia should not be eager to join the merry party at Leigh-on-Sea.

'Just as you like, my dear, but it seems odd. Perhaps it may vex your mother."

Oh, but you can make it right," said Alicia cheerfully. "I'm rather—rather fed up with things, and it will be a lot better for everybody if I just get a wee while to myself."

Pomfret acquiesced. as he acquiesced in most of the happen. ings of life, though the matter recurred to him several times to perplex him during the day. At one o'clodk next afternoon, however, he and Joe caught the one-sixteen at Liverpool-street, and Alicia was left in full possession. To say that she was completely happy hardly describes her state of mind

She had written little notes to the inner circle of her intimate friends, inviting them to tea that very afternoon. The morning she spent in sweeping and garnishing the house, and by four o'clock was ready for her guests. She laid tea in the dining-room, because the drawing-room, which opened on a small verandah and a microscopic garden, was too small to hold them comfortably. The piano occupied the most of the space, and made the room merely a sitting-out place or a means of exit to the garden.

The guests, four in number, arrived together—Dorothy Marvin, her particular friend, who had promised to come and sleep; and Estelle Cardella, the daughter of a rich stockbroker, of whose estate in life Alicia was specially envious; and little Amy Wellstood, the doctor's daughter, who had not many brains, but whom everybody loved. She was the worshipper at the other's shrine, and so fulfilled her temporary destiny.

They were very happy at tea, and made a pretty picture. Four young girls in the flush of womanhood, in their dainty summer frocks, with the light of the morning on their faces, and the sparkle of youth in their eyes; there are few more alluring visions in the world. To them, while tea was in progress, Alicia unfolded the plan at which she had mysteriously hinted in her note. "To discuss important issues concerning a member of the Clan," she had worded it, the Clan heing the name and designation of their secret society.

"Look here, girls," said Alicia, leaning her bare elbow on the table and looking round at them with flushed, eager face, "I've summoned you for consultation about a really big thing. You know we're pledged to help one another in everything. Well, to begin with, I can't go on here, drudging and slaving. It's stifling me; I can't even read the sort of things I ought to read. Drudgery destroys one's highest aspirations."

"And what do you want to do?" they all asked eagerly, prepared to enjoy themselves mightily.

"I haven't any definite plan, but it is imperative that I get liberty to live my own life. It's every individual's right, isn't it? We are all agreed on that, arn't we?"

They nodded, and Amy munched the little scones which Alicia had baked, and wondered how she ever got them so deliciously light.

'I shall put my name in various agencies on Monday. What I should like best would be to become a journalist and live in my own little flat. Then you would come and see me, girls. I should have the meetings of the Clan there."

"How thrilling!" observed Estelle. "But haven't you to be trained for that sort of thing?"

"Oh, experience trains one. There is nothing easier than to write things," said Alicia loftily. "I wouldn't mind being a secretary to a Member of Parliament. Just think how interesting it would be to get into the swim of things, to be a sort of power behind the throne, don't you know?"

"But that, too, needs training; why, they want French and German and shorthand and all sorts of things. Papa's secretary at Cornhill can talk three languages, and now she's learn-Portuguese," said Estelle.

"But an English member wouldn't need all that, stupid. Anyhow, I'm going to have a good try, and I don't mean to be daunted by disappointments. Any common or garden person can do the drudgery of a house. I'm sick of it, and I don't intend to do any more."

They discussed the matter in all its bearings, and a sort of envy took possession of them all because one of their number was about to set out on the high adventure.

It was dusk of the evening before they separated, and even after Alicia was left alone with Dorothy she continued her grandiloquent talk. Dorothy got a little tired at last, and suggested sleepily that she would like to go to bed. Alicia had prepared her own room for her guest, and Alicia proposed to occupy her mother's room. She was not tired, though she had had a long day, and she pottered about in the room for ages in her dressing-gown, looking out of the open window occasionally, and finally hunting about forsome-thing to read. Her mother's little table, with her favorite books, stood against the wall, but they were chiefly devotional, and therefore not Alicia's kind. As she fingered them she came upon a little old red note book just inside the pages of a worn copy of "A'Kempis." Alicia had no desire to pry, but on one of the closely written pages she saw her own name in her mother's hand-writing. Curiosity tempted her to read on, and soon she forgot that she was prying into what was never intended for her eyes.

"Alicia very trying to-day. Her discontent seems to increase. I fear we have not done wisely for her, and I wish I knew what to do. Her present mood is bad for the children. I see its effect in Winnie already. The child is not at all as she used to be a year ago. Oh, for some light, for the wisdom from on high which makes no mistake. I wonder why God is not more definite in His leading. He must know how dark the common ways of life often are, especially for those who 'abide by the stuff.'"

"I am afraid of myself. I begin to cherish such hard thoughts of Alicia. She is so selfish and careless about all the things which I think of the first importance. When I think of what she used to be as a little thing, how clinging and perfectly sweet, my heart fails me. Somehow, I seem to have missed the way with her. And it is not a thing of which I or any mother could speak. I wonder whether other mothers have a similar experience. Oh, what wisdom and knowledge one needs to be a mother, and what tenderness! It is more tenderness and patience I need with these dear children, especially Alicia. God supply my need!"

"I'm so tired, so very tired. To-day I have faced what might come, separation from my dear ones. I should not mind, for I know that it is to rest and refreshment by the still waters that I shall go; but what of my dear home? Alicia would have to be its head. She would take my place, and I fear I have not prepared her for it. How is it, I wonder, that we fail just where we long most of all to succeed? To see my darling girl develop into a gracious, tender woman, full of love and service, has been my desire and prayer. I have not taken the right way. Perhaps it is necessary for me to go, so that all that is hidden in Alicia's nature may blossom. But, oh, my other darlings, and their poor father!—my heart fails me."

A little lower on the page, written very tremblingly: "Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief. My times are in Thy hand."

Dorothy awoke with a confused sense of being hustled. She opened her eyes to find Alicia standing by her bed, fully dressed.

"I'm so awfully sorry, Dorothy, but I must go to Leigh to mother. I can't explain it. I've simply got to go. It's twenty minutes pas eight, and my train is at nine fifteen. Breakfast is all quite ready. When you have got up and dressed, please take it, and just leave everthing standing. I shall be back at night, most probably. You see, this is the only Sunday train till evening."

Dorothy blinked, hardly yet fully alive to the state of affairs.

"You've had a telegram, I suppose?"

"No, I haven't. I just know. I can't explain. I'll try to tell you when I see you again."

Dorothy said no more. She was sufficiently intimate in the house not to resent being left, and, having eaten a leisurely breakfast, she locked up the house, hid the key where Alicia had told her, and walked away across the Common to her own home. She saw both Estelle and Amy at morning church, and confided to them.

"Alicia looked ever so queer this morning; and do you believe she'll ever do what she was talking about last night? I don't believe she ever will."

She was quite right. Alicia never did.

FIELD NOTES

wish to buy in active operation: instead of going to a great city, and having to hunt for it, in a multiplicity of mills or factories.

Every large manufacturing city ought to have a permanent place of Exhibit for all the manugacturers in business there: and it could be maintained for a very moderate rental for power and floor space from each Exhibitor.

Wm. Laurie Hill.

Those who are anxious to secure the worth of thier money in the purchase of a piano had better consult the great firm of

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They have nothing at stake and you are the victim.

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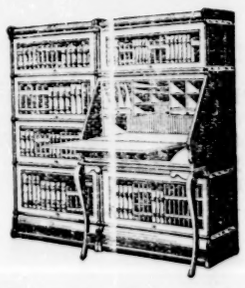

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The Corner for Smiles

Prescription Did The Work.

Dr. Stephen Smith, who was 89 yeas old on February 19, is one of New York's distinguished surgeons, and a founder of the first nurses' traniing school established in this country. He is also the originator of what he calls the "peanut cure" for tuberculosis. He used it with success long before fresh-air sanitariums and sleeping bags had come into vogue.

"I happened to invent the cure in this," he said. "A rosy-cheeked, wholesome Irish girl brought her sister to my office and asked me what I could do for her. The sister was plain, sickly, and weak, and obviously had bad lungs.

" 'What do you do for a living?' I asked the girl with the red cheeks.

" 'Tend a corner peanut stand,' she said.

" 'And what dose your sister do?'

" 'Oh, she's too sickly to be out-doors; we don't let her work.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'you buy your sister a peanut stand and keep her out-doors. That's the only thing I can recommend.'

"The two girls looked horrified and departed. I did not think anything more about the case nutil two years later, when two big healthy rosy, cheeked girls came to my office. I recognized one as the peanut stand keeper; the other I couldn't place. But she soon introduced herself as my old patient, the sickly sister of my rosy-cheeked visitor.

" 'And what have you been doing to yourself?' I asked.

" 'Keeping a peanut stand" she said."

Two Kinds of Fame.

"Yes," admitted the author of a successful book, "I woke up one morning and found myself famous."

"It was different with me," remarked the politician who had made an ill advised speech. "One morning I found myself famous —then I woke up."—Chicago News.

Same But Different.

"The late Bishop Foss," said a Philadelphia physician, "once visited me for some trifling ailment.

" 'Do you, sir,' I said to him, in the course of my examination, 'talk in your sleep?'

" 'No, sir,' he answered, 'I talk in other people's. Aren't you aware that I am a divine?' "

Seen And Heard On Long Islane.

A teacher tells me that at a Brooklyn school not long since, the class in geography was asked: "What some of the natual peculiarities of Long Island?" The pupils tried to think, and after a while a boy raised his hand. "I know," said he. "Well what are they?" asked the teacher- "Why," said the boy, with a triumphant look, "on the south side you can see the sea. and on the north side you can hear the sound."

Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine?

Mrs de Jones (just returned from a continental trip)—I should think so; right up to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!

Absent Mined.

Professor (returning from visit): "Aha, your absent-minded husband didn't forget to bring home his unbrella this time. See!"

His Wife: "But, Henry, when you left home you didn't take an umbrella."

"Mr. Skimmerhorn," inquired the landlord, "how did you sleep last night?"

"Like a top," answered the guest.

"I thought so. I could hear you—aw—humming all night long."

Just Dissolved.

"So you broke your engagement with Miss Spensive?"

"No, I didn't break it."

"Oh, she broke it?"

"No, she didn't break it."

"But it is broken?"

"Yes, she told me what her clothing cost and I told her what my income was, then our engagement sagged in the middle nd gently dissolved."

Shame.

It's the shame of every city and town in the United States that the Panama Canal Zone, once one of the world's pest-holes, is now a safer place to live in than the United States.

In the Zone science has had a free hand. Sanitation is rigid there.

In the states city health departments have to fight continually to secure even the inadequate appropriations that are doled out to them. Here sanitation has hardly begun.

Health getting is a process of developement, like the growth of a tree, or the raising of a crop of grain. We sow the seeds today, in right life and a correct regimen, and weeks, months, or years hence we reap the harvest.

The housefly should be called the "typhoid fly," the only objection being that the name might give rise to the erroneous impression that typhoid is the only infection it carries, while in fact it spreads the bacteria of all intestinal diseases.

So long as there is anything else for a fly to drink it will not touch formaldehyde. And to attempt to destroy them by generating formaldehyde gas is not at all successful.

Traveled as Young Lady.

Looking much like a pretty picture in colors that had stepped right out of a fashion plate a dainty little miss atood on a street crossing in Yonkers and aignaled a motorman to stop his car. He brought it to a halt so the child would not have to walk in the muddy street and the conductor helped her up the high step, for the small traveled was alone. More than that, he refrained from jerking the bell-rope until the was seared, so she was not thrown off her fest at tee sudden turning on of electric power. But she was shot of stature and was obliged to sit on the edge of the seat to let her legs hang down, for otherwise they would have stuck out straight. Selecting a nlckel from a tiny purse she extracted from her white fur muff, she extended it to the conductor when he came alone. He gave her 2 cents change.

"You'll soon be a young lady and pay full fare," he said' with an attempt at gallantry.

Un went a little hand, holding the two pennies between finger and thumb. The conductor was puzzled, until the child spoke.

"I don't want any change," she explained. "Mamma says I'm a young lady now, 'cause I'm 6 years old to-day."

With an indnlgent smile the conductor took the coins.—New York Press.

Remembered At Wrong Time.

Frederick Law, New York' indomitable young steeplejack, was talking to a reporter about the necessity ofsafety appliances in steeplejack work.

"We remember this necessity," he said, "but we remember it, as a rule, too late—we remember it while falling.

"You see we are rather like the absent minded man. He met a woman on a street car one day, and shook her hand and said:

"How's the dear husband?'

"Boo-hoe, he's dead,' said the woman, bursting into tears. 'Don't you remember the funeral last week?'

" 'Why, yes, of course.'

"A few days later he met the woman again.

" 'How do you do?' he said. 'And how is your dear husband this fine, braceing March weather?'

" 'Still dead,' said the woman; and the old man blushsd.

" 'I'll make a note of that,' he muttered to himself, as he hurried away; and a short time afterwards, when he met the woman once more, the thought instantly shot into his mind—'Husband. Trouble about husband.' So he adopted a very sympathetic air and said, pressing her hand:

" 'Why, how do you do? And your poor dear husband, he—'

" 'Oh, he's fine,' interrupted the woman. 'We've just got back from our honeymoon.' "

Man is the only animal which cherishes a perverted appetite.

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